

GEOLOGY

A BOOK OF POEMS

BY WILLIE WATSON

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also by Willie Watson:

Rheets 2015

The Shit Guru (An Expat's Story)

Rheets 2014

Pink Snow

155 Sonnets

Rheets

Twoems

Uncle Willie's Very Silly Animal Poems

The This of the That

Tarot Poems (with Marie Brožová)

The Alchemist's Notebook

Four Syllables on Water

The Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems

Poems from Prague

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INTRODUCTION

Here is my latest collection of poetry. Like many of my previous books, such as *Poems from Prague*, *The Guru Kalehuru* and other *Poems*, *The Alchemist's Notebook*, *The This of the That*, and *Pink Snow*, there is no one specific theme (as there is in *Tarot Poems*, *Uncle Willie's Very Silly Animal Poems*, or *Four Syllables on Water*) or specific format (as there is in *155 Sonnets*, *Twoems*, any of the *Rheets* books or, again, *Four Syllables on Water*).

There are poems here on different themes, of different lengths and different rhyme schemes.

A word about the title, though. My plan was to call this book *'Search for Enlightenment'* which is a super lame title looking back on it. I am not Paolo Coelho.

The idea, though, is that poetry is a search for enlightenment of sorts; you may read poetry looking for inspiration, but you get far more by writing it. You see or hear something that prompts you and you come up with a single phrase that sounds poetic and meaningful and then you start playing around with rhyming syllables and putting them at the end of lines of equal length, and you throw out all the stuff that sounds stupid, or irrelevant, or cliched, or for whatever reason doesn't strike the right tone, and before you know it you've written a poem which means something entirely different than what you intended, in fact entirely different from any thought you've ever had before, and badda-bing, badda-boom, as they say, you are one step closer to enlightenment. A short step on an infinite journey but, hey, aren't they all?

Still, it would have been a pretentious title. Then I wrote the short poem *'Geology'* and I realized that was actually a pretty good example of what poetry's about to me, so I made it the title of the book. The meaning of the universe is written in the universe, and everything is there for us to see. You can look at a tree and see the prevailing direction of the wind, you can look at a house and get an idea of what kind of people live there, you can look out at the stars and wonder, as people have ever since there have been people, just what exactly is all IS.

In addition, I'd like to say a few words about the titles of the individual poems. First of all, all poems should have titles. When I'm walking through an art gallery, and I see most of the canvasses with a little plaque at the bottom that says *'untitled,'* I feel cheated. If the artist doesn't know what it's about, how the hell am I supposed to? That's not usually a problem with my poetry, which is pretty simple and direct, but I'd feel hypocritical if I didn't give them titles when I bitch about others not doing so.

Also, though, they need titles so that there can be a table of contents. Now, in some cases my poems are very short and the title, to convey the gist of the meaning, is almost the same length as the poem. There are also a few cases where the title did not fit into the table of contents, at least not without going down to the next line, and that would have been very asymmetrical. Symmetry is important. It's a book of poems, after all. Poems are all about symmetry. So, a few of the titles in the TOC ('The Beauty of the Waterfall,' 'The Birth of the Collective Mind,' 'View of the Past,' and 'How to Communicate With Aliens') are actually abbreviations, and the actual title appears over the poems. It's a small thing.

Special thanks to my wife, Helena, for her help with completing this book.

I hope you enjoy it.

Willie Watson

GEOLOGY

The story of the Earth is told
in lithic letters, big and bold
every pile of rocks we see:
Geology

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

We, who live in cities, feel
the world is made of glass and steel
asphalt everywhere we go
has obscured the ground below
on every sidewalk, massive crowds
of people, being way too loud
but just a little trip outside
the city limits shows the wide
expanse of land that lies untamed
that hasn't been, by builders, framed
and we can breathe the cleaner air
without so many people there
it's good to take that trip because
you see the world the way it was
vast, majestic, wild and free
it's we who are the enemy

FOCUSED LIGHT

On a gray and cloudy day
when the sun is not in sight
we sometimes catch an errant ray
piercing, bold and bright
a quick glimpse of the brilliance
that would have been in store
when it is focused tight like that
less always seems like more

SEPARATING THE ART FROM THE ARTIST

Pound was a Nazi
Shelley was a cad
and William Blake, from all I've heard
was stark and raving mad
Poe (and numerous others)
were totally hooked on drugs
and the hermit, Emily Dickinson
could have stood with a couple of hugs
Lots of great poets were assholes,
but they're dead, so we'll never know ,em
the only part that's important
is what is in the poem

RACE

People of every different race
Have their nose...in the middle...of their face
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two hands
It is the same, in every land
The boys have a penis
the girls a vagina
So, any differences
are minor

LIFE IN CLOSE QUARTERS

As individuals, living collectively, spaces between us
are not very bufferable
Everyone, sooner or later, says something
that somebody, somewhere, considers insufferable

FLYING TREES

Trees are magnificent, wonderful things
their branches reach up to the sky
their leaves are like thousands of fluttering wings
though rooted, still they fly

WHAT THE OLD FOLKS SAY

The old folks talk about the good, old days
when the old folks talked about the good, old days
when the old folks talked about the good, old days
a very long time ago

they don't have anything good to say
about the way things are today
they don't have anything good to say
but windbags gotta blow

You don't need to listen to a word they say
it's O.K., anyway
you don't need to listen to a word they say
because it wasn't so

They're gonna tell you bout it anyway
they've got time, they've got all day
ain't no use tryin' to run away
there's nowhere you can go

Old folks talk about the good old days
when the old folk talked about the good old days
when the old folks talked about the good old days
a very long time ago

THE GOLDBLOCKS ZONE OF SENTENCE LENGTH

Hemingway kept his sentences short
Joyce wrote them tangled and long
I think you should aim for just the right length
because anything else would be wrong

A FLEETING GLIMPSE

As we stumble through our lives,
we're very nearly blind
but dreams give us a fleeting glimpse
of the world inside our minds

TMI

Too much information kills the joke
removes imagination from the tale
when nothing's left mysterious, uncloaked
there's no surprise, there's nothing to unveil
A rhinoceros is not a unicorn
yet their description's very much the same
a noble steed, and on his head a horn
but the one who isn't real gets all the fame
Reality is partly an illusion
our minds fill in the blanks, and do it well
some might say that this is self-delusion
others see it as a magic spell
The romance and the magic of the night
Eh, we see a bit less clearly in that light

PERPETUITY

Each generation sees a new revelation in the situation
that we're all passing through
History repeats, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet
because, in the end,
what else can it do?

THE EXPLANATION

The world would be better
if people were smarter
but, the sad truth is that
people are not
Though this explanation is
unsatisfactory
still, it explains how we
get what we've got

ESCALATION

of arguments that get nasty and bitter a
lot are caused by being too literal

REGENERATION

Each generation sees a new revelation in the situation
that we're all passing through
History repeats, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet
because, in the end,
what else can it do?

ZOOM-IN FRACTALS

Zoom in fractals are not a joke
a medium of tremendous power
it's revelatory how clouds of smoke
look so much like cauliflower

MULTIVERSE

Although our perception
of it is limited
this world we live on
exists-it's a fact
It's not a hologram
some kind of matrix
hit a brick wall and
your bones will all crack
As we go walking
around this small planet
we hear what we hear and
we see what we see
The song of the birds and
the scent of the flowers
the lakes and the rivers
the houses, the trees
This is the baseline
of our experience
all of our science
and all of our art
Poetry, history
books, films and music are
based on the world of which
we are a part

but, when we see things or
hear them or feel them or
smell them or taste them then
they cross a line
They become part of an
alternate universe
that exists only in
one person's mind
Each separate universe
takes these ingredients
shapes them and molds them
in different ways

There is no limit to
what can be sculpted
by different sculptors
who have the same clay
Now, here's the crazy part
here's the amazing bit
we are all separate
but we're all here
So from our separate,
disparate visions
something incredible's
bound to appear
One world spawns many worlds
this is amazing,
creative, inspiring,
beautiful, fun
Then out of many
again and again we see
new combinations
and then there's just one

THUS WE KNOW THE ANCIENT GODS

Thus We Know the Ancient Gods
Thus we know the ancient gods
while walking through an autumn wood
we watch the leaves fall to the ground
right on schedule; as they should
red and orange, yellow, brown
and as we walk, they make a sound
although we live in padded cells
each one inside a concrete block
and so, like turtles in their shells
we're buffered from the constant shocks
of their sights and sounds and smells
but also of their magic spells
sometimes we have to step outdoors
and feel the sun upon our skin
walk barefoot on the primal floor
and feel the freshness of the wind
and all the old ones have in store
the sun, the wind, the rain and more
the smell of flowers in early May
the mating call of honey bees
Thus we know the ancient gods
their scent is carried on the breeze
everywhere and every day
and in a thousand different ways
I sit upon the bank to dream
and contemplate the river's flow
and feel connected with the stream
it's current continuity
serenity, eternity
and thus we know the ancient gods

THE ILLUSION

The pebbles lying on the beach
glisten with the sheen
of a film of salty water
which has polished them bright clean

but if you're walking on the beach
and if you take one home
there, it will lie, flat, gray and dry
like any other stone

the future's like that brilliant gem, glowing in the sand
by the time it's in the present, it's quite bland

JUNGLE COLORS

In the story of the jungle
the colors are the words
in a language that is spoken
by the flowers and the birds

A UNIVERSE OF ART

A musician is a sculptor of the air
Shaping sounds to please the human ear
Extracting meaning from the atmosphere
Something that all human beings can share
A painter sees the world, so wild and strange
And puts a piece of it inside a frame
Like a horse inside a paddock, it's been tamed
Will live forever, but will never change
The poet uses words to try to name
The clouds, the stones, the flowers and the trees
The birds, the fish, the rivers and the seas
So that everything won't be the same
And then to reassemble all those parts
To create a universe of art

POEMS OF A BRAVE NEW WORLD

The poems we write
are thoughts we think
expressed in words
writ down in ink
as brick by brick
and block by block
we've built the world
through which we walk
so poem by poem
we fill our shelves
with abstract essence
of ourselves
a new day dawns
and we will find
a brave new world
of many minds

THE LOCATION OF THE BEAUTY OF THE WATERFALL

The beauty of a waterfall
is not within the waterfall
that's only nature following nature's plan
But, the beauty's very real
it's what we see, it's what we feel
there are whole worlds within the mind of man

AFTER THE STORM

After the storm, the light is weird
the dark gray clouds have done their worst
and now, they've mostly disappeared
and everything has been reversed
The tension that was in the air
is now a feeling of relief
From here clear out to everywhere
the sky is vast beyond belief

READING THE SKY

The sun shines on the ground below
and floods the world with light
the rain will make the flowers grow
and bloom so very bright
Fast or slow, the wind may blow
as the clouds go passing by
these are the things you'll come to know
if you can read the sky

WORDS ARE NOT LIKE MONEY

Words are not like money
words don't cost a thing
money talks, they say, but words
melodic words can sing
don't be so parsimonious
you petty, stingy nerds
money may be tight but
there will always be more words
words are democratic
the rich folks cannot hoard ,em
the destitute, the penniless,
the starving can afford ,em
Words are just like money?
What platitudinous rot!
I'd spend money if I had it
but words are all I've got

WORLD OF PLENTY

There is food that swims in the rivers
There is food that walks on the land
There is food that grows right straight up out of the dirt
This world was quite wonderfully planned

TXTING

Text slow, text well
fst txtrs cnt spl!

ALL THINGS

All that is together now, will some day be apart
and all the separate parts will coalesce
and that which doesn't yet exist is someday bound to start
all things exist in space and time, I guess

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WILLOWS

The evergreens are elegant
they wear it like a stole
of ermine, so soft and fluffy white
The oaks, the elms, the linden trees
well suited to the role
wear it like a crown, so big and bright
But the willow's weak appendages
cannot bear the weight
the snow piles at their feet, so wet and deep
While the others are so glorious
they're in a sorry state
it's no wonder, in the winter, willows weep

THE TROUBLED BIRTH OF THE COLLECTIVE MIND

I'd like to synch my spirit
to the spirit of the net
how brilliant and how beautiful
the insights that I'd get!
but the dream is an illusion
and as I seek, I find
there's an awful lot of crap
in the collective human mind

CHANGING WEATHER

Last night the snow was falling down
upon the snow upon the ground
thickening the bright, white blanket
all around, all around
Weather changes very quickly
sometimes in an awful rush
today, the ground is patchy white
and mostly there is mud and slush

OBFUSCATION

Poetry's all mixed up
different philosophies
sound almost sensible
or at least partially
verbal obscurity
linguistic density
incomprehensible
that's all it's meant to be

PAREIDOLIA

Pareidolia
people are prone to see
things within things to which
others are blind
Part of the whole of what
everyone wants to be
is represented by
things that we find
deep in the recesses
of our own minds

WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

Why did the chicken cross the road?
Is this a ruse? Is this a hoax?
A philosophical conversation,
or just a platform for bad jokes
Why did the chicken cross the road?
perhaps the scent of some fresh grain
was on the wind, and struck a chord
inside the chicken's little brain
Perhaps she knew, by staying still
remaining in her local state
that she would very soon be killed
as chickens are, and then they're ate
The chicken (in this situation)
could be a metaphor, you see
for the patterns of human migration
all throughout our history
Sometimes we're pulled, sometimes we're pushed
sometimes it's just a sudden urge
there is a trickle here and there
then, suddenly, there is a surge
What makes a person leave their home
to take their chance in foreign lands
the reasons aren't always
all that difficult to understand
Why did the chicken cross the road?
perhaps the road was not so wide
and even the chicken's little eyes
could see there was another side

THOUGHTS

My thoughts are not consistent,
coherent, or concise
and some of them, I must confess
aren't even very nice
if I wrote in stream of consciousness
it would be a flood
with lots of rubbish and debris
deposited in mud
no one is impressed by that,
so I've found that it is best
to just write down the ones I like
and disregard the rest

A LANDSCAPE ARTIST'S LIFE

The landscape artist's life is good
as they wander through the wood
if they want to take a break
among the trees or by the lake
because it's a wonderful world we live in, ain't it?
they can stop for a couple of hours and paint it

**VIEW OF THE PAST, BASED ON A
PHOTOGRAPH BY STANLEY KUBRICK**

Before we had cell phones
the people had newspapers
racing forms, magazines,
crosswords and such
The truth of the matter
despite all the chatter is
people have never liked
people that much

BAD READING

Emotion can be an important factor
when reading poetry, sadly
Great poets are seldom good actors
and so many share it so badly

THOUGHT AND DEED

The thingification of abstract concepts
time is the measurement of time
murder is wrong so we shouldn't do it
but thinking about it cannot be a crime
art is much more than just paint on canvas
it's an abstraction but has its appeal
love is a series of feelings and gestures
it's not the ring that makes it real

THE DARKER SIDE OF WATER

Next time you have a drink of water
or consume a bowl of soup
take a moment to consider
where...fish...poop

THE SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS OF ALCOHOL

Drink enough, and the meaning of life is clear
God is whiskey, vodka, wine and beer

DIFFERENT STROKES, I SUPPOSE

I am often amazed at the things on the net
that get zillions of likes and shares
they are often precisely the things that I see
and respond just by saying „who cares?“

BLESS THE BEASTS

I love the little animals, frolicking in the wood,
they look so sweet and innocent, and taste so fucking good

WELCOME TO GLOBAL WARMING!

Welcome to Global Warming!
Here's what it's going to do
If you can't go to the tropics
the tropics will come to you

THE HALL OF MEMES

The hall of memes
the mall of dreams
we're all just living in a hall of memes
as soft and gooey as a ball of cream
as nebulous as a wall of steam
in the marketplace of ideas
so many stalls are just selling themes
substance fails, and form's supreme
all want to be on the winning team
so we're pulled to the middle of the stream
at least, to me, that's how it seems

HIPPIE FOREVER!

Hippity Dippity
tripping on LSD
living in harmony
those were good times
we were convinced we were
neo-Aquarians
born at the dawning
of something sublime

Oh! what a bummer
the end of that summer
dreams dissipated like
smoke in the air
Existentiality!
back to reality
we thought we'd left it
but it was still there

Houses and buildings and
cars and relationships
were unaffected when
we all got high
still I am glad that we
made the experiment
Universality!
Pie in the sky

There's still a feeling that
everything's beautiful
there is still something
for young folks to find
There's still a feeling that's
nearly detectable
psychodelectable
peaceful and kind

Life was so groovy then
and it will be again
though it will be something
different instead
Parallel mental states
merge and then separate
retransubstantiate
Hippie's not dead

BAD ART

Every life is a poem, in its very own way
There are lots of bad poems in the world today

EARTH ABIDING

Have you ever walked through a vacant lot
where a building has recently been torn down
and the scruffy plants and flowers poke through
the concrete and glass all scattered round
it's amazing how quickly the world regrows
and the flowers actually seem to glow

INSUFFICIENT TIME

As mortal beings we don't have time enough
to think about the universe and stuff

SYMMETRY IN BIOLOGY

Symmetry is a natural law
that says all creatures who are alive
have no feet, two feet, four or more
(six and eight
work pretty great)
but never seven or five

ABDICATION

When writing on the internet,
and your spelling is in doubt,
just type any old damned thing at all
and let spell checker sort it out

KBELY, THE PARK

Although our eyes are very small
two tiny windows in our face
there is no end to what they see
the park, the pond, the rocks, the trees
the houses, schools, and factories
the sun up in the sky
they barely need to try
and then, of course, at night there are
a hundred million, billion stars
which are very, very far
away, out there, in outer space
and yet our eyes absorb them all

THE SPICE OF CONVERSATION

These are the problems that arise, when we type our conversations
the subtleties of tone of voice are lost
the internet has flooded us with a sea of information
but progress doesn't come without a cost
if you really want to elucidate more nuanced implications
in this modern form of writing on the wall
You can rise above the swamp of mundane iterations
and not use words like awe and awww at all
,I am struck dumb with wonder at this thing so great and rare'
can be typed in response to any awesome sight (or awesome site)
and when you see a kitten or a furry, little bear
,charming,' ,cute,' or ,nice' are all alright

LILY POND

Sometimes I stand upon the shore
and stare out at the endless sea
to the horizon and beyond
and contemplate eternity
but other times I find it more
conducive to serenity
to gaze upon a lily pond
and see how simple life can be

DOUBLE SUNSHINE

The sun that's high
up in the sky
shines twice upon the sea
That is true
and it is due
to reflectivity
and as it sets
it even gets
brighter than when higher
in spreading gold
and reds so bold
the ocean is on fire

THE LINK

Reality and art are linked
and this, to me, is art's appeal
so let me tell you what I think
what's the secret? what's the deal?
The artists draw the things they see
affected by the things they feel
and then, a new reality
is born, for what we see is real
the petals of a flower unfurled
art creates a brand new world

PAGE AND STAGE

I do not stand upon the stage
to scream primeval words of rage
about how life is meaningless
and freedom's just a bigger cage
it may be valid art, I guess
but I'd prefer you were impressed
with the words I choose to use
and the thoughts that they suggest
perhaps intended to amuse
or maybe to express my views
but what the poem is all about
is in the words I choose to use
It's not the voice, there is no doubt
that when the words are printed out
a whisper can become a shout
a whisper can become a shout

ORDER IN INFINITY

There are plenty of fish in the rivers
there are plenty of fish in the seas
there are infinite words on infinite pages
and billions of birds in the trees
there are infinite doors to open
with an infinite number of keys
there are more movies that have been made
than anyone ever can see
There are more aspects to our existence
than raindrops when it rains
than grains of sand on a thousand beaches
than flowers on the plain
everything is infinite
in infinite time and space
but the universe stays together, because
everything's in its place

FAILURE TO EVOLVE

If people didn't act like fucking swine
the world would be a sweeter sort of place
of quality, and dignity, and grace
if we were just a little more refined

But human beings are a vulgar breed
(Vulgar, from the Latin: common folk)
our flames of passion pooter out in smoke
once we have fulfilled our basic needs

The young man speaks of hearts that beat as one
flowers in Spring, the singing of the birds
and there is poetry in his sweet words
but then he leaves as soon as he is done

Having risen from primordial ooze
you'd think that we would want to raise our sights
improve our minds, move up to greater heights
but...we're satisfied with cigarettes and booze

Though we have Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms
whenever you turn on the radio
it's something, something, something, fucking ho
no moving arias, uplifting psalms

Everybody says they love good food
but when we're hungry, we don't want to wait
So we settle for what is second rate
McDonald's usually satisfies our mood

The good defeats the perfect every time
it ain't so bad, it's mostly good enough
as long as we possess a lot of stuff
we have no need to search for the sublime

It would be noble to improve our souls
but we have sex, and drugs, and rock and roll

LINGUISTIC ODDITIES

„Palindrome“ is not a palindrome
nor „acronym“ an acronym
„Onomatopoeia“ is totally off the wall
The map is not the landscape
ceci n'est pas une pipe
but words may be the most abstract of all

WHY I PREFER EASY POETRY

Perhaps I'm too easy to please
but I do have my set of criteria
I like what can be read with ease
and does not make me feel too inferior

THE WRITTEN WORLD

The Written World
is quite a place
it is a place
where we can go
to see the sights
and scale new heights
whenever we
are feeling low
it wait's for us
it's always there
with room to spare
the written world
The written world
is quite a place
our future life
in outer space
the history of
the human race
detectives
solving every case
the gambler
always holds an ace
what people mean
is clearly seen
within the lines
upon their face
the written world
The written world
is where we find
a meeting of
the world's great minds
it is a link
to what they think
that is the way
that it's designed
Fiction! Science!
Magic! Art!

words are writ for
every part
books and movies
evening news
all the way from
Mother Goose to
Dickens, Freud and
Dr. Seuss
every piece is
part of one the
Written World has
just begun
the written world
The Written World
is quite a place
it's growing at
an awesome pace
a flood of poems,
books and songs, some
are short and some
are long, but put
them all together
and...from this fetid,
swampy, goo, this
potpourri, this
bubbling stew,
new ideas are
being born,
paradigms are
being formed
it is a new
reality
and we don't know
what it will be
the written world
the written world

CHANGING PERSPECTIVE

Action! Adventure! Exotic locations!
Life is the ultimate high
Carpe fucking Diem, baby
You have to be bold to get by
Once I lived out on the edge
Now my beer tastes a little bit flatter
Either I am too old or the world is too small
and I don't think that it's the latter

ARBORETUM

There's a temple in the wood
Where the Sun shines down so bright
bold and brilliant, warm and good
The trees are basking in the light
there are no walls, there are no doors
no wooden pews where you can rest
but you may sit on the grassy floor
and all who go there will be blessed

TREES ON THE RIDGE

The trees that grow up on the ridge
look like a dorsal fin
emerging from this rocky spine
and swaying in the wind
Each tree that grows there is unique
its branches are its own
and yet there is a pattern formed
in the way they've grown
From the sun that shines down on them
every single day
down to the seed, that marks their breed
and contains their DNA
From the squirrels that live in their branches
to the bugs that live in their bark
to the way they start to look spooky
when the day begins to go dark
The trees that grow up on the ridge
stand so tall and brave
and they'll still be there tomorrow
rolling like a wave

BEYOND OUR IMAGINATION

I can't imagine a universe,
so vast in time and space,
as for the one we're living in,
clearly is the case

REQUIEM FOR PRINCE

The stars will shine as bright tonight
they are so far away
they are totally unaffected
by what happened on Earth today
The sun will shine tomorrow
the wind will continue to blow
the oblivious fish will continue to swim
and the streams continue to flow
Within an infinite universe
we are so incredibly small
but why does it make us feel better to know
that we don't matter at all?

HOW TO COMMUNICATE WITH EXTRATERRESTRIALS

If aliens arrive on Earth,
they'll have come a very long way
so we should listen for all we're worth
to whatever they have to say

ON GRAPES AND RAISINS

Grapes can be grapes
and grapes can be raisins
or grapes can be sweet, sweet wine
if there aren't enough grapes to go around
we'll just have to plant more vines

AVOIDING SERENITY

As someone who's climbed the dozen steps
I find it passing strange
when people accept what they shouldn't accept
and don't change what they could change

TREES MAKE THE VERY BEST PETS

Trees make the very best pets
they like to stand outdoors
if it rains, they just get wet
and they don't poop on your floor
Trees make the very best pets
they barely make a sound
their bark is not a threat
when people come around
Trees make the very best pets
they live a long, long time
more than people get, and so
trees make the very best pets

SUNLIGHT AND INFORMATION

The moon is a mirror
reflecting the light
of the sun
as a steady glow
The beams are
a unidirectional stream
till the moon
interrupts their flow
but the moon and the earth
are both quite small
and the light
keeps shining on
Past Jupiter
and Saturn
past Pluto
and beyond
Till it reaches an alien telescope
floating in alien space
and an alien scientist looks at this
with a smile on his alien face
He'll look up and say „By golly,
that planet has a moon.“
(If we don't have this technology yet,
we're going to have it soon)
Our Sun's been shining into space
for about 5 billion years
so there can be no doubt at all
the aliens know we're here

PLANETARY PERSPECTIVE

When astronauts went into outer space
and saw the Earth, a bright blue, spinning ball
suddenly, things all clicked into place
this is where we live and that is all
Most of us will never share that view
but we look up and we can see the sun
and one thing that is absolutely true
it shines the same on each and every one
At night we can look out and see the stars
tiny, bright and very far away
and that is true no matter where you are
and that is true no matter what they say
In dark or light, in every kind of weather
All of us are on this world together

A BIT OF ME, A BIT OF YOU

I see
a little bit of me
in you, and you, and you
sometimes it's in the things you say
sometimes in what you do
We're human
we are all alike
it's in our DNA
if we can just remember that
I think we'll be O.K.

SURVIVAL

I like to watch survivor shows,
I think that they are great
as long as I can sit at home
and not participate

THE PARADOX OF PRE-DETERMINATION

To some extent, we have a choice
we have free will, we have a voice
but, on the other hand, it's true
there are some things we cannot do
our skills determine our vocation
(I'll never be a rock sensation)
and people are born into different nations
the luck train stops at different stations
break it all down, the debate is still
pre-determination or free will
a paradox, there is no doubt
but that's for poets to work out

LISTENING

A lot of people rattle on
their words are like a speeding train
and somewhere in their monologue
we think some thoughts might be contained

and so we strain and try to hear
although they make it hard as hell
enunciation isn't clear
and they don't pronounce their words so well

or you're standing in a pub
where the music's way too loud
and add, from all around the club
the random chatter of the crowd

I nod and say mmm-hmmm a lot
and they are happy as a clam
if I understand or not
they really do not give a damn

WHEREVER YOU ARE

The world is a beautiful place indeed
there are so many places to go
from the jungles of the tropics
to the lands of ice and snow
from exotic foreign cities
to forests of tall trees
from the vast expanses of desert
to the never ending sea
some of these places
we just pass through
and other places we stay
and so we wind up with bunches of friends
who are living far away
Life is a wild adventure
down a long and winding road
may the wind that blows around the world
always lighten your load
wherever you are in this great big world
you can't be everywhere else
but wherever you are on your journey
you're always becoming yourself

SMALL FALLS

Not every waterfall you see
is Niagara or Snoqualmie
some come tumbling merrily
You can observe them calmly

Gliding through the polished rocks
upon their steady way
without the crash, the sudden shock
the giant cloud of spray

Somewhere deep within the woods
where things are nice and cool
the water falls, just like it should
into a tranquil pool

LABELING

Schools, Movements, and Generations
give us a method of classification
for poets, and painters and all of the arts
This may be useful for students and analysts
let's them divide every field into parts
The bugger is art tends to be individual
this is a part of what makes it all art
So, go ahead, label me
if you are able,
and I'll just continue to write from the heart

BICYCLING ALONG THE VLTAVA

Riding on my bicycle,
my bicycle, my bicycle
cooler than an icicle
melting in the sun

Along the leafy path I glide
a river flowing by my side
the river's deep, the river's wide
and I am neither one

The sky above is baby blue
as vast and pure as all that's true
beneath the sun, there's nothing new
but bicycling is fun

ONLY A CLICK AWAY

There are many people who I've known
in this lovely place
who've flown, and they've spread out across
this lovely planet's face

So, I've got friends in New York City,
Denver, and Japan,
New Zealand and the Phillipines,
and other foreign lands

They talk about the weather
as our little planet spins
and all of us are walking
through the world-encircling wind

It's not up close and personal
the glimpses can be fleeting
you might get treated to a pic
of whatever they are eating

but they talk of work, and family,
children, pets, and more
and oftentimes I come to know them
better than before

So, if you've got a plane to catch
and you're leaving town today
No matter where on Earth you go

you're only a click away!